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## GUTHRIE NATIONAL BANK.

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Surplus, - - - 10,000

Board of Directors in addition to Bank Officers:  
A. J. SEAY, HORACE SPEED, ROBT. MARTIN, HENRY LINN  
W. J. HORSFALL, Cashier.

and motionless, standing in the center of the ingrain carpet.

It was a full harvest moon that illuminated the fields and the rough white line of the road with a light more golden than silver. The blanching of Joshi's farm-house was transfigured into the molten semblance of a solid aureole. Even the barn assumed a beauty of mystic whiteness, half hidden behind the branching arches of the dark elms. There were mysterious voices abroad in the night, low murmurs on the soft wind, a something in a language that thrilled Joshi Conway's heart. These were new sensations to Joshi; so new that he wandered about restlessly from the barn to the front piazza and wondered once or twice whether he was going to the autumn ague. He had escaped it every season for fifteen years, but perhaps this was the way a man felt when the chills of that locality were coming on.

In his aimless, pensive Joshi arrived too close a vicinity to that farther end of the piazza where a white shimmer in a hammock indicated the presence of Carlyne. She was not alone. One of the young men who so continually came to the farm of late was with her. It was one of Lynne's "beaus"—one of those she said that she would choose from. As she had also said she would be eighteen next month. Yes, it was right that she should marry.

Eighteen! Could it be? Little Lynne eighteen! The child he had cared for so tenderly a grown woman, with a woman's heart? Yes, of course she would go and he would be left to the lonely days of his old bachelorhood. He could see her in her new home sitting about with an important mien of good house-wifery and with a new look in her laughing eyes.

Again he was near the piazza. But this time Lynne was not sitting in the hammock. She stood revealed in a patch of moonlight. The young man was bidding her farewell. He was a callow youth in store clothes. He leaned over eagerly and seemed to beg for something, whispering with a little competitive laugh, utterly new in the varied gaunt of Lynne's usual laughter, she took a flower from her belt and gave it to him.

Joshi chose to see no more. He moved away.

A few minutes later the callow youth having departed, Lynne stepped quickly to the end of the piazza and called: "Joshi!" There was no reply, and she waited a little before calling again. As silence once more answered, she went slowly up to her own little room, where a vine no dead in at the window, white with moonlight.

"It's queer," she said. "I certainly saw you standing near the end of the piazza when I was saying good-bye to Jo Finney." She understood, with long, ruminating pauses between.

At breakfast next morning, when Lynne wore a pink cotton frock and a wide white collar turned away from her round young throat, Joshi had already disappeared, according to her very busy about the barn. At noon Lynne herself was busy, standing amid her shining cans in the milk pantry, her sleeves turned up over her smooth, white arms, when through the open door she saw the hired man ascending into the hall with a small horsehair trunk, the classic and battered piece of traveling gear with which Joshi took his rare jaunts abroad. At the same moment Joshi himself entered the milk pantry in his Sunday clothes. Lynne turned to him, suddenly becoming very white.

"Carlyne, I'm going. I got to go. If I can come back the day you're married, I'll try to. But I don't know. I didn't know anything about this. I didn't know how I felt about you till I saw you give the flower to that there young man and I knew it was him you was thinkin' of—and—"

He broke down and pulled his hat over his eyes. Lynne had seated herself on a wooden stool and was looking up at him with parted lips, her breath coming in little gasps.

"Yes! yes! go on!" she cried, impatiently.

He looked at her mournfully.

"There ain't more to say, Carlyne. But the house is yours and every thing in it, till you're married and after. I guess I'll be better for me to go away somewhere else—and—and—I want you to be happy—and—God bless you—and—him."

He was walking to the door. But he was arrested. A triumphant laugh broke out behind him and two smooth, bare arms caught him and held him.

"Joshi, you goose! Oh, you blind goose! What do I care for Jo Finney or for any one but you? I only pretended last night because I wanted you to see. And that's why I talked so about getting married the other day. There ain't nobody in the world for me but you, and never has been from before the time when I went to the academy even. And I knew it was just the same with you, Joshi; girls always know! But you're so—so stupid, you know. You'd never have found out yourself or spoken or anything if I hadn't acted it all out and put it in your head. Now, Joshi, we're engaged and you can send that trunk up stairs again. We're engaged, and I'll board at Mrs. Perkins' till we're married, and I can even be married down there—and—she stood alighting before him in the old way, mischief brimming over from her gray eyes—and Manda Jane can be bridesmaid."

But Joshi just then, could say nothing. He stood speechless, but his eyes spoke, and Carlyne understood their language—Carlyne knows.

And with another ringing laugh, Lynne promissed again and flashed out of the room, leaving Joshi wondering.

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## FINAL HONORS PAID.

A Multitude Followed Carter Harrison to the Grave.  
CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—One hundred thousand people looked upon the face of Carter H. Harrison, world's fair mayor of Chicago, who had been murdered without warning by maniac Prendergast, while the body lay in state at the city hall.

Then, with probably the greatest funeral escort that ever accompanied an American citizen, the body was taken to the church of the Epiphany where the last services were held. The honors were paid by federal and state troops, city and national employees and thousands and thousands of citizens.

As the hearse drew into the line, the march was taken up and the thousands who had gathered to do honor to the dead moved slowly through the crowded streets with banners draped and to the sad music of the funeral march. Out from the center of the city the great procession marched across the river and to the beautiful church of the Epiphany, near the late executive's home.

All along the line of march the people with bare heads watched the stately column and about the church a throng as great as that which had been about the city hall was gathered.

Immediately following the great black and golden hearse was the thoroughbred mare, saddled and bridled, but riderless, riding on which in many a labor riot or fierce election contest the dead mayor had been for years a notable figure.

THROUGH AN OPEN BRIDGE.  
A Street Car Pings Into a River—Five Passengers Perish.  
PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 2.—An electric car this morning plunged off Madison street bridge into the Willamette river. A heavy fog was prevailing and the draw was open for the passage of a steambarge.

The car contained about fifteen passengers, ten of whom escaped by jumping. The remaining five were drowned. Two of the bodies have been recovered but not yet been identified.

The president of the road, the conductor and the motorman are under arrest.

PECK AS PEACEMAKER.  
History of the Conclusion of the Treaty Which Ended the Kansas War.  
TOKKA, Kan., Nov. 1.—George L. Douglass, speaker of the last house, in his joint debate with J. M. Dunsmore, speaker of the Populist house, at Wichita, last night, closed his speech with the declaration that the treaty of peace between the two rival houses last winter was written by George Peck, the famous railroad attorney, and signed by Governor Leavelle in the dead hour of night. As he made the declaration, he waved over his head a bit of paper which he stated was the original document.

Crazed by Dime Novels.  
OAKLAND, Cal., Nov. 1.—The body of Frank Patrick, a 19-year-old orphan boy who lived with Captain J. H. Bennett at Lorin and disappeared two weeks ago, has been found in the bushes near there. It is believed that he went insane through reading dime novels and committed suicide.

Flames in an Immigrant Car.  
STANTON, Neb., Nov. 2.—Fire broke out in an immigrant car attached to an Elkhorn train last night and the three immigrants in it—a woman, a boy and a girl—jumped from the rapidly moving train. The girl turned a somersault and struck on her head and her neck was broken. The others were only slightly injured.

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Acknowledgements Taken,  
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Reference—Capitol National Bank Guthrie.